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A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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☞ The highest price paid for Country Produce. ☜

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G. Loomis. T. M. Austin

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Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

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POWDER.—104 Kegs Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by
Erie, July 26. R. T. Sterrett & Sons.

Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

Oh, bear me forth to each distant land,
And the scenes that ye so deplore—
The midnight blaze, the incendiary's brand
Shall ravage the world no more.
Where your burning palaces light the skies
Like a signal of doom and death,
The flame that your utmost strength defies,
I'll quench with a single breath.

No more shall an Illium in ashes lay,
Or the walls of Moscow glow,
Where captive armies are led away,
Or buried in Polar snow.
By the power that dwells in my view less arm,
I'll render your race secure
From this wild destruction and wild alarm,
While the universe shall endure.

How oft from my home in the silent deep,
Where the sun no radiance flings,
Where the grim and terrible earthquakes sleep
In the sight of my sable wings,
Have I marked the efforts ye vainly made.
When the hosts of the fire-fiend came
With his marshalled columns of smoke arrayed,
And his banners of bursting flame.

How oft have I seen your peaceful homes,
With the hues of the evening red—
The morning came, and a hundred domes
With the dreams of the night were fled.
The blackened ruins remained to tell
Where your costly halls had stood,
And the piercing storms of the winter fell
On a shelterless multitude.

A ship I saw on the heaving main,
She had baffled the howling storm,
She had 'scaped the fearful hurricane
That grappled her noble form ;
With a tranquil sea and a favoring gale,
With her helm in a trusty hand,
She bore away 'neath a press of sail.
For the shores of her native land.

But sudden a dark and fearful wreath
O'er her flying tafferel curled,
And the flames leaped up from the hold beneath,
Like fiends from the penal world.
Her glowing canvass strewed the blast,
Like the trail of malignant stars ;
And the light, far over the ocean cast,
Was the blaze of her burning spars.

But the day of that triumph, at last, is here,
Which so long I have sighed to hail ;
And never again on this lovely sphere,
Shall the blight of this fiend prevail.
The breath of my power the world shall free—
The flames shall destroy no more ;
For I will be master of every sea,
And the guardian of every shore.

The band of Science, that called me forth,
My sceptre shall now obey ;
From the curse of this ruin I'll shield the earth,
Till the planets themselves decay ;
Till the solemn end of that final day,
When the stars from heaven shall fall,
And I myself shall be swept away
In the fire that consumeth all.

Then bear me forth to each distant land,
And the scenes that ye so deplore—
The midnight blaze—the incendiary brand—
Shall ravage the world no more.
When your burning palaces light the skies,
Like a signal of doom and dead,
The flame that your utmost strength defies,
I'll quench with a single breath. —*New York Times.*

Choice Miscellany.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Famine was rioting in the streets of Paris. All industry was at an end. The poor, unemployed, were perishing. The rich were gathering the wrecks of their estates, and flying from France. There was no law but such as was proclaimed by the thunders of Napoleon's batteries. The National Guard he immediately reorganized, and soon efficient order was established. Napoleon was incessantly occupied in visiting all parts of the city, and words of kindness and sympathy with suffering he combined with the strong and inexorable arm of military rule. More than a hundred families, says the Duchess of Abrantes, were saved from perishing by his personal exertions. He himself climbed to the garrets of penury, and penetrated the cellars of want and woe, and, with a moistened eye, gazed upon the scene of fearful wretchedness with which Paris was filled. He caused wood and bread to be distributed to the poor, and, totally regardless of ease or self-indulgence, did everything in his power to alleviate suffering.

One day when alighting from his carriage to dine at Madame Permon's, he was addressed by a woman who held a dead infant in her arms. Grief and hunger had dried up the fountains of life in her bosom, and her unweaned child had perished of starvation. Her husband was dead, and five children were mourning for food at home. "If I cannot obtain relief," said the famished mother, "I must take my remaining five children, and drown myself with them." Napoleon questioned her very minutely, ascertained her place of residence, and giving her some money to meet her immediate wants, entered the house and sat down with the guests at the brilliant entertainment. He was, however, so deeply impressed with the scene of wretchedness which he had just witnessed, that he could not obliterate it from his mind, and all were struck with his absent manner and the sadness of his countenance. Immediately after dinner he took measures to ascertain the truth of the statements which the poor woman had made to him, and finding all her assertions verified, he took the family immediately under his protection. He obtained employment for the girls in needlework among his friends, and the family ever expressed the most profound gratitude to their preserver. It was by the unceasing exhibition of such traits of character, that Napoleon entwined around him the hearts of the French people.

There was at this time in Paris, a lady who was rendered quite prominent in society by her social attractions, her personal loveliness, and her elevated rank. She was a widow, twenty-eight years of age. Her husband, the Viscount Beauharnais, had recently perished on the scaffold, an illustrious victim of revolutionary fury. Josephine Tascher Beauharnais, who subsequently became the world-renowned bride of Napoleon, was born on the island of Martinique, in the West Indies. When almost a child she was married to the Viscount Beauharnais, who had visited the island on business, and was captivated by the loveliness of the fair young Creole. Upon entering Paris she was immediately introduced to all the splendors of the court of Marie Antoinette. The revolutionary storm soon burst upon her dwelling with merciless fury. She experienced the most afflictive reverses of friendlessness, bereavement, imprisonment, and penury. The storm had, however, passed over her, and she was left a widow, with two children, Eugene and Hortense. From the wreck of her fortune she had saved an ample competence, and was surrounded by influential and admiring friends.

Napoleon, in obedience to the orders of the Convention, to prevent the possibility of another outbreak of lawless violence, had proceeded to the disarming of the populace of Paris. In the performance of this duty the sword of M. Beauharnais was taken. 'A few days afterwards Eugene, a very intelligent and graceful child, twelve years of age, obtained access to Napoleon, and, with most engaging artlessness and depth of emotion, implored that the sword of his father might be restored to him. Napoleon had no heart to deny such a request. He sent for the sword, and, speaking with kind words of commendation, presented it with his own hand to Eugene. The grateful boy burst into tears, and, unable to articulate a word, pressed the sword to his bosom, bowed in silence and retired. Napoleon was much interested in this exhibition of filial love, and his thoughts were immediately directed to the mother who had formed the character of such a child. Josephine, whose whole soul was absorbed in love for her children, was so grateful for the kindness with which the distinguished young general had treated her fatherless Eugene, that she called, in her carriage, the next day, to express to him a mother's thanks. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her peculiarly musical voice was tremulous with emotion. The fervor and the delicacy of her maternal love, and the perfect grace of manner and of language with which she discharged her mission, excited the admiration of Napoleon. He soon called upon her. The acquaintance soon ripened into an unusually strong and ardent affection.

Josephine was two years older than Napoleon, but her features had resisted the encroachments of time, and her cheerfulness and vivacity invested her with all the charms of early youth. Barras, now one of the five Directors who had been established in power by the guns of Napoleon, was a very ardent friend of Josephine. He warmly advocated the contemplated connection, deeming it mutually advantageous. Napoleon would greatly increase his influence by an alliance with one occupying so high a position in society, and surrounded by friends so influential. *And Barras clearly foretold* that the energetic young general possessed genius which would insure distinction. Josephine thus speaks in a letter to a friend, of her feelings in view of the proposed marriage:

"I am urged to marry again. My friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunction to the same effect, and my children entreat my compliance. You have met General Bonaparte at my house. He it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander Beauharnais, and a husband to his widow. I admire the general's courage, *the extent of his information*, for on all subjects he talks equally well, and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed. But I confess I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even upon our Directors; judge if it may not intimidate a woman.

"Barras gives assurance that if I marry the General, he will secure his appointment to the command of the army of Italy. Yesterday Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, said to me, 'Think they, then, that *I* have need of their protection to arrive at power? Egregrious mistake! They will all be but too happy, one day, should I condescend to grant them mine.'

"What think you of this self-confidence? Is it not a proof of excess of vanity? A general of brigade protect the heads of government! That truly is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take into his head to attempt. And with his imagination, who can calculate what he *will not* undertake."

Though the passion with which Josephine had inspired Napoleon was ardent and impetuous in the highest degree, it interfered not in the least with his plans of towering ambition. During the day he was vigorously employed in his professional duties, and in persevering study. But each evening found him at the mansion of Josephine, where he met, and dazzled by his commanding genius and brilliant conversational powers, the most distinguished, and most influential men of the metropolis. In these social entertainments, Josephine testified that Napoleon possessed unlimited powers of fascination, whenever he saw fit to employ them. His acquaintance and his influence was thus extended among those who would be most available in the furtherance of his plans. On the 6th of March, 1796, Napoleon and Josephine were married, Napoleon being then twenty-five years of age. It was a union of very sincere affection on both sides. It cannot be doubted, that next to ambition, Josephine was to Napoleon the dearest object of his admiration and homage. *Marriage had then ceased to be regarded in infidel France as a religious rite.* It was a mere partnership, which any persons could form or dissolve at pleasure. The revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches, banished the clergy, and dethroned God. The parties contemplating marriage simply recorded their intention in the State register of Paris, with two or three friends to sign the record as witnesses. By this simple ceremony Napoleon was united to Josephine. But neither of the parties approved of this mercantile aspect of *a transaction so sacred.* They were both, *in natural disposition*, serious, thoughtful, and prone to look to the guidance of a power higher than that of man. Surrounded by infidelity, and by that vice with which public infidelity is invariably accompanied, they both instinctively reverenced all that is grand and imposing in the revelations of Christianity.

When Napoleon was crowned Emperor, he was privately married again by Cardinal Fesche, in accordance with the forms of the church, which the Emperor had re-established. "*Josephine*," said Napoleon, "*was truly* a most lovely woman; refined, affable and charming. She was the goddess of the toilet. All the fashions originated with her. Everything she put on appeared elegant. She was so kind, so humane—she was the most graceful lady, and the best woman in France. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She possessed a perfect knowledge of the different shades of my character, and evinced the most exquisite tact in turning this knowledge to the best account. For example, she never solicited any favor for Eugene, or thanked me for any I conferred upon him. She never showed any additional complaisance or assiduity when he was receiving from me the greatest honors. Her grand aim was to assume that all this was my affair, that Eugene was *our* son, not hers. Doubtless she entertained the idea that I would adopt Eugene as my successor."

Again, he said of Josephine, "we lived together like honest citizens, in our mutual relations, and always retired together till 1805, a period in which political events obliged me to change my habits, and to add the labors of the night to those of the day. This regularity is the best guarantee *for a good establishment.* It ensures the respectability of the wife, the dependance of the husband, and maintains intimacy of feelings and good morals. If this is not the case, the smallest circumstances make people forget each other. A son by Josephine would have rendered me happy, and would have secured the reign of my dynasty. The French would have loved him very much better than they could love the son of Maria Louisa; and I never would have put my feet on that abyss covered with flowers, which was my ruin. Let no one after this rely upon the wisdom of human combinations. Let no one venture to pronounce, before its close, upon the happiness or misery of life. My Josephine had the instinct of the future when she became terrified at her own sterrility. She knew well that a marriage is only real when there is offspring; and in proportion as fortune smiled her anxiety increased. I was the object of her deepest attachment. If I went into my carriage at midnight, there, to my surprise, I found her, seated before me, awaiting my arrival. If I attempted to dissuade her from accompanying me, she had so many good and affectionate reasons to urge, that it was almost always necessary to yield. In a word she always proved to me a happy and affectionate wife, and I have preserved the tenderest recollections of her.

"Political motives induced me to divorce Josephine, whom I most tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her from witnessing the last of my misfortunes. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed, in most feeling terms, her ardent desire to share with me my exile, and extolled, with many tears, both myself and my conduct to her. The English have represented me as a monster of cruelty. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless, unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by his treatment of his wife, of his family, and of those under him."

Just before his marriage, Napoleon received the appointment, to him most gratifying, of Commander-in-Chief of the army of Italy. His predecessor had been displaced in consequence of excessive intemperance. Napoleon was but twenty-five years old when placed in this responsible post. "You are rather young," said one of the Directors, "to assume responsibilities so weighty, and to take the command over veteran generals." "In one year," Napoleon replied, "I shall be either old or dead." "We can place you in the command of men alone," said Carnot, "for the troops are destitute of everything, and we can furnish you with no money to provide supplies." "Give me only men enough," Napoleon replied, "and I ask for nothing more. I will be answerable for the result."

A few days after Napoleon's marriage, he left his bride in Paris, and set out for Nice, the head quarters of the army of Italy. He passed through Marseilles, that he might pay a short visit to his mother, whose love he ever cherished with the utmost tenderness, and on the 27th of March arrived at the cold and cheerless camps, where the dejected troops of France were enduring every hardship. They were surrounded by numerous foes, who had driven them from the fertile plains of Italy into the barren and dreary fastnesses of the Alps. The Austrian armies, quartered in opulent cities, or encamped upon the sunny and vine-clad hill sides, were living in the enjoyment of security and abundance, while the troops of the distracted and impoverished republic were literally freezing and starving. But here let us pause for a moment to consider the cause of the war, and the motives which animated the contending armies.

France, in the exercise of a right which few in America will question, had, in imitation of the United States, and incited by their example, renounced the monarchial form of government, and established a republic. For centuries uncounted, voluptuous kings and licentious nobles had trampled the oppressed millions into the dust. *But now these millions had risen in their majesty*, and driving the king from his throne and the nobles from their wide domains, had taken their own interests into their own hands. They were inexperienced and unenlightened in the science of government, and they made many and lamentable mistakes. They were terrified in view of the powerful combination of all the monarchs and nobles of Europe, to overwhelm them with invading armies, and, in their paroxysms of fear, when destruction seemed to be coming like an avalanche upon them, they *perpetrated many deeds of atrocious cruelty.* They simply claimed the right of self-government, and when assailed, fell upon their assailants with blind and merciless fury.

The kings of Europe contemplated this potentous change with inexpressible alarm. In consternation they witnessed the uprising of the masses in France, and saw one of their brother monarchs dragged from his palace and beheaded upon the guillotine. The successful establishment of the French Republic would very probably *have driven every king in Europe from his throne.* England was agitated throughout all her countries. From the mud cabins of Ireland, from the dark and miry mines, from the thronged streets of the city, and the crowded workshops, all over the kingdom, there was a clamorous cry ascending for liberty and equality. The spirit of democracy, radiating from its soul in Paris, was assailing every throne in Europe. There was no alternative for these monarchs but to crush this new power, or to perish before it. There can be no monarchists whose sympathies will not beat high with the allied kings in the fearful conflict which ensued. There can be no republican who will not pray that "God speed the Eagles of France." Both parties believed that they were fighting in self defence. The kings were attacked by *principles* triumphant in France, which were undermining their thrones. The French were attacked by bayonets and batteries—by combined armies invading their territories, bombarding their cities, and endeavoring by force of arms, to compel a proud nation of thirty millions of inhabitants to reinstate, at foreign dictation, the rejected Bourbons upon the throne. The allies called upon all the loyalists scattered over France, to grasp their arms, to rally beneath the banner of friends coming to their rescue, and to imbrue their country in the blood of a civil war. The French, in trumpet tones, summoned the people of all lands to hail the tricolored flag, as the harbinger of their deliverance from the servitude of ages. From every city in Europe which Napoleon approached with his conquering armies, the loyalists fled, while the *republicans welcomed him with an adulation amounting* almost to religious homage. And the troops of the allies were welcomed in every city of France which they entered, with tears of gratitude from the eyes of those who longed for the restoration of monarchy. It was a conflict between the spirit of republicanism on the one side, and of monarchial and ecclesiastical domination upon the other.

England, with her invincible fleet, was hovering around the coasts of the republic, assailing every exposed point, *landing troops upon the French territory*, and arming and inspiring the loyalists to civil war. Austria had marched an army of nearly two hundred thousand men upon the banks of the Rhine, to attack France upon the north. She had called into requisition all her Italian possessions, and, in alliance with the British navy, and the armies of the king of Sardenia, and the fanatic legions of Naples and Sicily, had gathered eighty thousand men upon the Alpine frontier. This host was under the command of experienced generals, and was abundantly provided with all the munitions of war. *These were the* invading foes whom Napoleon was to encounter in the fields of blood. It was purely a war of self-defence on the part of the French people. They were contending against the bullets and the bayonets of the armies of monarchial Europe, assailing them at every point. The allied kings felt that they were engaged in a war of self-defence—that they were struggling against *principles* which threatened to undermine their thrones. Strange as the declaration to some may appear, it is extremely difficult for a candid and impartial man *severely* to censure either side. It is not strange, contemplating frail human nature as it is, that the monarchs of Europe, born to a kingly inheritance, should have made every exertion to retain their thrones, and to secure their kingdoms from the invasion of republican principles. It is not strange that republicanised France, having burst the chains of intolerable despotism, should have resolved to brave all the horrors of the most desperate war, rather than surrender the right of choosing its own form of government. The United States were protected from a *similar onset*, on the part of allied Europe, only by the wide barrier of the ocean. And had the combined armies of monarchial Europe crossed that barrier, and invaded our shores, *to compel us to replace George III.* upon his American throne, we should have blest the Napoleon, emerging from our midst, who, contending for the liberties of his country, had driven them back into the sea.

THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTION OF 1848.

Probably since the fall of the Roman empire the world has never seen a year so eventful and distracting as 1848. It seemed like a century compressed into a instrum.—Never was there a year so distinguished beyond all previous example by the magnitude and the multiplicity of its political charges—by the violence of the shock which it gave to the *framework of European society*—by the oscillations of opinion and success between the two great parties in the continental struggle. Never was there a year so pregnant with instruction and with warning—so rich in the materials of wisdom both for sovereign and for people—so crowded with wrecks and ruins, with the ruins of ancient grandeur, and the wrecks of glorious anticipations—so filled with splendid promises and paltry realizations, with hopes brilliant and fantastic as fairyland, with disappointments dismal and bitter as the grave. Thrones, which but yesterday had seemed based upon the everlasting hills, shattered in a day; sovereigns, whose wisdom had become a proverb, and sovereigns whose imbecility had become *notorious, alike flying from their* capitals, and abdicating without a natural murmur or a gallant struggle; rulers, who had long been the embodiment of obstinate resistance to all popular demands, vying with each other in the promptitude and the extent of their concessions; statesmen of the longest experience, the deepest insight, the acutest talent—statesmen like Metternich and Guizot—baffled, beaten, and chased away, and reaching their foreign banishment only to turn and gaze with a melancholy and bewildered air on the *overthrow of schemes and systems of policy*, the construction of which had been the labor of lifetime; eminent men sinking into obscurity, and going out like snuff, obscure men rising at one bound into eminence and power; ambitious men finding the objects of their wildest hopes suddenly placed within their grasp; utopian dreamers staggered and intoxicated by seeing their most gorgeous visions on the point of realization; patriots beholding the sudden and miraculous advent of that liberty which they had prayed for, fought for, suffered for, *through years of imprisonment, poverty*, and *exile;* nations which had long pined in darkness, dazzled and bewildered by the blaze of instantaneous light; the powerful smitten with impotence; the peasant and the bondsman endowed with freedom and unresisted might: the first last and the last first;—such were the strange phenomena of that marvellous era, which took away the breath of the beholder, which the journalist was unable to keep pace with, and "which panting Time toiled after in vain."

The year opened with great tranquility. In two quarters only of Europe had there been any indications of the coming earthquake; and to both of these the eyes of all friends of freedom turned with hopeful interest and earnest sympathy. The first dawn of a new day had arisen in a country where least of all it could have been looked for—in Rome. There, in a state long renowned for the most corrupt, imbecile, mischievous administration of the western world, a new pope, in the prime of life, full of respect for his sacred office, and deeply impressed with the solemn responsibilities of his high position, set himself, with serious purpose and a single mind, though with limited views and inadequate capacities, to the task of cleansing these Augean stables from the accumulated filth of centuries. He commenced reform—where reform, though most rare, is always the most safe—from above; he purified the grosser parts of the old administrative system; he showed an active determination to put down all abuse, and to give his people the benefit of a really honest government; he ventured on the bold innovation, *in itself a mighty boon and a strange progress*, of appointing laymen to offices of State; and, finally, he convoked a representative assembly, and gave the Romans a constitution—the first they had *seen since* the days of Rienzi. His people were, as might have been anticipated, warmly grateful for the gifts, and enthusiastically attached to the person of their excellent pontiff; all Europe looked on with delight; Pio Nono was the hero of the day; and everything seemed so safe, so wise, so happy, that we felt justified in hoping that a new day had really dawned upon the ancient capital of the world.

Sicily, too, had about the same time entered upon a struggle to recover some portion of her promised freedom and her stolen rights. Her wrongs had been so flagrant, so manifold, so monstrous; the despotism under which she groaned was at once so incapable, so mean, so low, so brutal; her condition was so wretched, and her capabilities so vast, that the sympathies of the world went with her in her struggle with her false and bad oppressor. All ranks of her citizens were unanimous in their *resolution of resistance; even the priests, elsewhere the ready* tools of tyranny, here fought on the side of the people, and blessed the arms and banners of the reformers; and what was still more remarkable, and of more hopeful augury, all classes seemed to put mutual jealousies aside, and to be actuated by the same spirit of sincere, self-denying, self-sacrificing patriotism. Their demands were moderate, but firm and so reasonable that the mere fact of such demands having to be made, was an indelible disgrace to Naples. So far, too, their course had been singularly cautious; they had committed no blunder, they had displayed no sanguinary passion, and no violent excitement, and it was impossible not to hope everything *from a contest so wisely conducted, and so unimpeachably* just. At length, on the 8th of February, the Sicilians having been everywhere victorious, the preliminaries of an arrangement with the King of Naples were agreed to, on the basis of the constitution of 1812. So far all went well.

In the meantime, excited or warned by the example of the pope, and the enthusiasm of the Romans, other Italian princes began to move in the path of improvement. The King of Sardinia, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples, promised a constitution to their subjects, and actually took measures for carrying these promises into effect. The excitement soon reached Lombardy; *popular movements took place at Milan*, but were repressed by the Austrian government with even more than wonted promptitude and severity. Hungary had for some years been making great efforts towards national improvement and some relaxation of the old feudal privileges, as well as towards a recovery of their old constitutional liberties. But Austria had steadily repressed all such exertions; and a long course of perfidy and oppression had at length so exasperated the Hungarians, and united all parties among them against the *common enemy*, that it became evident that the contest was approaching to an open rupture.

Such was the position of affairs when the French revolution of February came like an earthquake, astounding nations, "and, with fear of change, perplexing monarchs." The events which ensued are fresh in the memory of all men. The democratic party throughout the whole of central Europe burned to follow the example of a movement the success of which had been so signal and so prompt. The effect was electric; but not everywhere, nor altogether, wholesome. The friends of freedom felt that the time was come to assert their cause, and to claim, without fear of refusal, the rights so long withheld; while those nations which had already taken some steps towards the attainment of free institutions, and had hitherto deemed their progress rapid and brilliant beyond their most sanguine anticipations, now began to regard it as tardy *jog-trot*, and inadequate. They looked askance on constitutional monarchy, and began to sigh for a republic. The arrangement between the Sicilians and their sovereign, which had been all but concluded, was broken off, in consequence of an augmentation of the popular demands; while Tuscany, Sardinia, and Rome began to think their liberal rulers scarce liberal enough. At *Berlin, where some tardy* steps had at length been taken towards the advent of a constitutional goverment, the people were anxious to get on faster than the fears or the opinions of the monarch could go with them; an insurrection broke out, and a sanguinary contest of two days duration desolated the city, and terminated in the scarcely veiled defeat of the crown. This was on the 18th of March. On the 6th, an insurrection took place at Munich, which resulted in the exaction of extensive reforms, and was shortly afterwards followed by the abdication of the king. On *the 14th, a revolution* broke out at Vienna, which ended in the flight of Prince Metternich, and the proclamation of a representative government. On the 16th, the Austrians were driven out of Milan, and a provincial government was established in Lombardy. Thus, in a month from the outbreak of the French revolution, the whole of central Europe was revolutionised.

Such is a summary of these astounding events, the like of which were assuredly never crowded into so brief *a portion of time.* The popular party—*the friends of* free institutions and constitutional rule—everywhere aroused and everywhere triumphant, achieving, with an ease and rapidity which partook of the miraculous, the most decisive victories over the oldest, sternest, rustiest administrative systems of Europe—were everywhere followed by the sympathy, the admiration, and the prayers of all lovers of humanity, and everywhere strong with the strength that such sympathy must always give.

Where now are all those bright prospects vanished?—*which of all those mighty changes have become permanent?*—what has been the enduring fruit of all these brilliant victories?—where now are to be found all those fresh-young, sanguine constitutions? With scarcely an exception, everything has fallen back into its old condition. In nearly every state the old demon of despotism has returned, bringing with it worse devils than itself. Hungary and Hesse are crushed; Bavaria has been degraded into the brutal tool of a more brutal tyrant; the Prussian people are sullen, desponding, and disarmed, and the Prus*sian government sunk into a terrible abyss of degradation:* Austria has a new emperor, more insolently despotic than any of his predecessors for many a long year; and throughout Germany constitutional liberty has been effectually trampled out. In Italy, Venice and Lombardy have been conquered, and are now experiencing the *vae victis;* Tuscany is worse, because more Austrian than before, and alarmed at the peril she has incurred; the small duchies are as bad as ever—they could not be worse: the pope, terrified out of his benevolence and his *patriotism*, has been *restored* by *foreign arms*, and the old ecclesiastical abominations are reinstated in their old supremacy; while Naples and Sicily are again prostrate at the feet of the most imbecile and brutal of the incurable race of the Bourbons. Two short years have passed away since Europe presented to the lover of liberty and human progress the most smiling aspect she had ever won; and in this brief space of time, an inexorable destiny has gathered together all the far reaching anticipations, all the noble prospects, all the rapid conquests, all *the rich achievements of that memorable era*, and covered them over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet.*—*North British Review.*

Tobacco-Users as Bed-Fellows.

No tobacco-user is fit for a bed companion. He is giving forth pestilential vapors from all the pores of his skin. He is an embodiment of perpetual miasm. The immediate atmosphere surrounding him is inevitably impregnated and polluted with the constant effluvia which emanates from his whole surface. He becomes a perfect walking distillery of the deadly essence, sending forth its fumes and vapors into the surrounding atmosphere. His mouth is the mill which grinds out the weed, and his whole body the distillery for its essence. Put a chewer or smoker into a vapor bath, with no tobacco effluvia that emanated from his body. Put him into a warm bath and get up perspiration: then put that water upon flies, or the vermin of plants, and it will instantly destroy them. —*Beauties and Deformities of Tobacco-Using.*

A Happy Disposition.—I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes me to live in the country, which I hate. I likes the thermometer at 75 degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of school, which I hate. I like music, and want to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. *There is but one thing which we both like*, and that is what we cannot both have, though we always are trying for it,—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother; for two such huge, passionate, selfish, unmanageable boys, never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt-like heel to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a *time, and cries all the time she is awake*, has been roused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I have never kept even a chambermaid more than three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder-gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced out of the room yesterday flitting her duster, and muttering, "Real old maid, after all!" just because I showed her a table on which I could write "slut" with my finger, in the dust. I never see my plump happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life. Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love, but for fear—for fear of dying old maids.

☞ People who hate Laughter.—There is a large class of people, who deem the business of life far too weighty and momentous to be made light of, who would leave merriment to children, and laughter to idiots; and who hold that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips, as on a gravestone, or in a ledger. Wit and Wisdom being sisters, not only are they afraid of being indicted for bigamy were they to wed them both; but they shudder at such a union as incestuous. So, to keep clear of temptation, and to preserve their faith where they have plighted it, they turn the younger out of doors; and if they hear of anybody taking her in, they are positive that he can know nothing of the elder. They would not be witty for the world. Now to escape being so is not very difficult for those whom Nature has so favored that Wit with them is always at zero, or below it. And as to their Wisdom, since they are careful never to over feed her, she jogs leisurely along the turnpike road, with lank and meagre carcass, displaying all her bones, and never getting out of her own dust. She feels no inclination to be frisky, but, if a coach or wagon passes her, is glad, like her rider, to run behind a thing so big. Now all these people take grevious offense, if any one comes near them better mounted; and they are in a tremour lest the neighing, snorting, and prancing should be contagious.

Teacher.—Sonny, can you tell me what bricks are made of?
Boy.—Clay, I suppose, sir.
Teacher.—Give a reason for your supposition, my child.
Boy.—Well, sir, I heard General Draper say that Clay was a regular old brick, and of course *that* is made of Clay.
Teacher.—Sit down, little boy, you are fatigued.—*N. Y. Picayune.*